

Personal essay: This I Believe

"Love...What is love? Love is to love someone else for who they are, who they were and who they will be." -Chris Moore

I think that there are two kinds of love. One being the love you feel for your family and friends, the other the deep, real, "one true love" you find sometime along the way. The dictionary definition of love is "A profoundly tender, passionate affection for another person." There are countless other interpretations, but no matter how hard you try to word it, you just can't, because nothing is, or ever will be enough. Because love is indescribable.

The love you feel for your family and the love you feel for your true friends- how different are they? I think that they are practically the same. Because sometimes, your best friends become so precious to you, so dear to your heart that they become family.

I myself have two real brothers and a number of friends I consider my family. There is nothing that I would do for my brothers and not do for those friends. My brothers and I may quarrel at times, insult each other and ignore one another, but deep down we love each other. I know, because they've shown me. Because they've told me.

As for these friends, they are there for me whenever I need support. We argue, we disagree, but we will stand up for each other and look out for one another. We can confide our deepest fears, our most secret thoughts and feelings, tell each other things we cannot tell our real family. Blood is thicker than water, but we need water to survive.

"Love doesn't make the world go round, love is what makes the ride worthwhile." Elizabeth Browning said this once, and I agree wholeheartedly. Love is worth living for, worth dying for. If you spend your whole life searching for acceptance, looking for love, and find it only in the last few days, it is worth it. Because love is everything.

And then there is the other kind of love. There is a story that says God created us with two heads, four arms, four legs and only one heart. He then split us in two and cursed us to spend the rest of our lives searching for our other half. I don't know where I heard it, but I never forgot it. I have always liked this story- I don't believe it, but it seems so beautiful. So fantastical. So romantic. It made me decide that I want to feel this kind of love next time- feel it, not hear about it, because no two people describe love the same way.

They say love is electricity in your veins and sparks when your eyes meet. They say

that it is the sensation of falling and never wanting to get up. They say that love makes you desperate, it makes you ecstatic, it makes you play the part of a fool. They say love is magic.

I don't know. I've never felt this kind of love. But I want to. I want to know how it feels when someone looks me straight in the eyes and tells me he loves me. I want to experience everything and anything love has to offer- all the small things like dancing in the rain, holding hands and off-key duets.

"Where there is love there is life." - Gandhi. I live, I love and I want to be loved. I believe in love.

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